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### IN VACATION.

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**Uberrimæ Fidei.**—"Why is a contract for the performance of a Burial Service a contract in good faith? Because it is a contract 'uberrimæ fidei' (you bury me if I die)."—Law Student's Journal.

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**The Way of the Profession.**—Old Lawyer—So, you got Blink O'Ryan off on that robbery charge? Pretty good; what did you charge him?

Young Lawyer—He had \$69.23 on his person.—The Kansas Lawyer.

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**A Natural Question.**—When the late Senator Wolcott first went to Colorado he and his brother opened a law office at Idaho Springs under the firm name of "Ed. Wolcott & Bros." Later the partnership was dissolved. The future senator packed his few assets, including a sign that had hung outside of his office, upon a burro and started for Georgetown, a mining town farther up in the hills. Upon his arrival he was greeted by a crowd of miners who critically surveyed him and his outfit. One of them, looking first at the sign that hung on the pack, then at Wolcott, and finally at the donkey, ventured: "Say, stranger, which of you is Ed?"—The National Corporation Reporter.

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**Had a Sufficient Motive.**—According to the Boston Transcript a line of jurymen appeared in a Missouri court and every man explained that it would mean disaster to him to serve at that term of court—all but a little fellow at the tail end of the line. This man was a hunter and he had lived in a cabin on the creek all his life.

"You have no excuse to offer?" asked the surprised judge.

"No, sir."

"Haven't got a sick mother-in-law needing your attention?"

"No, sir; I ain't married."

"What about your crop?"

"Don't raise anything."

"No fence to fix up?"

"Haven't got a fence on the place."

"You think you can spare the time to serve on a jury two weeks?"

"Sure."

The judge sat a while and meditated. Reaching over, he whispered to the clerk, who shook his head in perplexity. Then the judge's curiosity got the better of him.

"You're the only man who's got the time to serve your country as a jurymen," he said. "Would you mind telling me how it happens?"

"Sure not," said the little man, promptly. "I heard you was going to try Jake Billings this term. He shot a dog o' mine oncet."—Exchange.